

Chapter 2311 New Progress In Virus Research

"Hey, Mr. Madison! Earth to Orson Madison!" Matthew nudged the absent-minded Orson.

It took Orson a while before he snapped out of it. "Mr. Larson, this... this..." He pointed at Eugene's back with his hand. Unable to calm down, he stuttered in his speech.

"Alright, Mr. Madison, get a hold of yourself. Let's clinch the contract first," reminded Matthew.

Orson regained his composure quickly at that. "Oh, right, right. The contract. We gotta sign it."

He hurriedly took out the ownership transfer contract. After both parties signed their names, Atelier Luxe officially belonged to Matthew.

"Mr. Larson, I will leave everything here to you. I have other matters to attend to, so I won't stay any longer. Bye." Orson left the place. It wasn't that he didn't want to get close to Mathew, but they were of different worlds.

Clifford Group was one of the top financial companies in Bainbridge. They kept a low profile and didn't like to show off. Thus, only veterans—like Orson—how formidable that company was.

If the CEO of the top financial company treated Matthew with reverence, the latter had to be someone high up there. Thus, Orson reckoned that it was better to stay away from Matthew.

Sasha, who noticed the commotion, came downstairs from the second floor. "What's wrong? It seems like a big shot came over?"

"Oh, nothing. Just a random person visiting the restaurant. By the way, we have successfully acquired the ownership of the restaurant."

Her face lit up. "Wow, really? I was worried that we wouldn't be able to win it. When I visited earlier, there were quite a few people who showed interest in it."

Matthew took out the contract and handed it to his wife. "It is true. Who am I? Is there anything that I can't do?"

She took the paper with a smile. "Stop being narcissistic."

Now that they had managed to acquire the building, they decided to make it a breakfast shop. The inspiration crossed his mind on the day he delivered gruel to Sasha.

Matthew spent the following days studying the Larsons' heritage. He specially developed several unique and nutritious breakfast menus as the exclusive secret recipe for their shop.

The tasks were mostly settled, leaving only the decoration, opening, and hiring of employees. He entrusted those tasks to his in-laws.

As for Matthew himself, he went to CAUMP alone.

"Mr. Wyatt, are there any updates?" asked Matthew because he received the latest experimental progress from CAUMP yesterday.

"Yes, we found something. Follow me."

They headed to the laboratory, where various data appeared on a large display screen.

"We studied the genetic composition you previously distinguished and cultivated the original solution of this virus. Here's our latest experimental result."

The content on the screen changed to show a researcher carefully dropping the virus solution into a vessel containing blood.

Once the two solutions were mixed, there seemed to be an invisible force controlling the blood as it flowed in the vessel.

At this time, the test data suddenly began to soar. This anomaly lasted for less than half a minute before the blood stopped flowing on its own accord.

The data showed a rapid decline until it reached about half the initial value before gradually stopping the downward trend.